

John Henry MAKES A CHOICE

By GEORGE V. HOBART

"Seven of 'em?" inquired Bunch, with a grin.

"Yes," I said; "seven of Rural-lene's most prominent citizens have asked Uncle Peter to run for mayor."

"Is he game?"

"Is he game?" I chortled; "why the way he fell for it was pitiful. The moment the spokesman guy began to heat the piazza with the steam-coated language Uncle Peter did a hoodab, and when they mentioned the word mayor he went up in the air feet first and began to bark at the scenery."

"Do you think he'll be elected?" Bunch cut in.

"It's a moral," I answered. "He'll be in hands down—in the pockets—and the odor of burning money won't do thing to the local atmosphere. Say, Bunch, I hate to see Uncle Peter go up against the political ghost-dance at a time of life—and with all that lazooom! Why, as soon as the glad dings spread around that he was aboard a flock of ward-healers hit the lawn in front of the villa and we had to hide every pocketbook in the puz."

"What ticket is he on?" asked Bunch.

"I'll give you eight guesses," I answered. "From the line of talk the d man hands out I'm afraid it must be a mileage ticket."

"Well, who's running against him?" Bunch insisted.

"You can search me," I said. "I don't believe the opposition can find yone with a roll big enough to stand a pressure. It's a mighty fat wad at doesn't feel ashamed of itself when it stacks up to Uncle Peter's ke-off. When's the wedding, Bunch?"

"Oh, Uncle William Gray has put it another year," sighed Bunch. "He's got to have yet to demonstrate my filly as a business man, and he can't listen to any argument. I've kked it all over with Alice and we ank seriously of eloping."

Before I could hand Bunch the sym-thetic mitt Aunt Martha came bust-out on the veranda followed by cle Peter, who, in turn, was follored by Lizzie Joyce, our newest and eat cook.

Lizzie wore a new lid, trimmed with

hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment.

"Peter leave her to me," pleaded Aunt Martha.

But Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth," he said, sternly, "in view of your most unrefined and unladylike language it behooves me to reprimand you severely. I will, therefore—"

Then Lizzie and the pink paranol struck a Casey-at-the-bat pose, and cut in: "G'wan away from me with your dime novel talk or I'll place the back of me unladylike hand on your jowls!"

"Peter!" warningly exclaimed the perturbed Aunt Martha.

"Yes, Martha; you're right," the old gentleman said, turning hastily. "I must hurry and finish my speech of acceptance," and he faded away.

"It isn't an easy matter to get servants out here," Aunt Martha whispered to us; "I must humor her. Now, Lizzie, what's wrong?"

"You told me, mem, that I should have a room with a southern exposure," said the Queen of the Bungalow.

"And isn't the room as described?" inquired Aunt Martha.

"The room is all right, but I don't care for the exposure," said the Princess of Porkchops.

"Well, what's wrong?" insisted my patient auntie.

"Sure, the room is so exposed, mem, that every mosquito between here and Long Island City flew in there last night, mem, and almost beat me to death with their wings," said the Baroness Bread-pudding, with acrimony. "I'm a cook, mem; I'm no free lunch for a passel of hungry mosquitoes."

"Very well, Lizzie," said Aunt Martha, soothingly; "I'll have screens put in the windows at once and a netting over the bed."

"All right, mem," said the Countess of Cornbeef, removing the lid. "I'll stay; but keep that husband of yours with the woozy lingo out of the kitchen, because I'm a nervous woman—I'm that!" and then the Duchess of Devil-kidneys got a strangle-hold on



Seven of Rural-lene's Most Prominent Citizens Asked Uncle Peter to Run for Mayor.

ons and spaghetti, like a round shield over her map; she had a nchy looking grip in one hand and ank paranol with black freckles in the other. She was made up to catch the first train that sniffed into the town.

Aunt Martha greeted Bunch, and whispered plaintively, "Lizzie been here only two days and this es the seventh time she has start-or town."

Lizzie took the center of the e and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, I!" she announced, with consider-bitterness.

Uncle Peter made a brave effort to l back at her, but she flushed her erns at him and he fell back two s to the rear.

"That is it this time, Lizzie?" in-ered Aunt Martha.

Lizzie put the grouchy grip down, d her arms, and said, "Oh, I have rievances!"

Uncle Henry sidled up to Aunt he, and said in a hoarse whisper, dear, this shows a lack of firm-on to you the error of your and send you back to your hum-ation with a better knowledge ur status in this household."

"Eat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle e began to fish for his next line. want you to understand," he on, "that I pay you your wages!" re, if you didn't," was Lizzie's ack, "I'd land on you good and

her grouchy grip and ducked for the grub foundry.

Aunt Martha sighed and went out in the garden where Uncle Peter was composing his first political speech.

"Bunch," I said, "this scene with Her Highness of Clamchowder ought to be an awful warning to you. No man should get married these days unless he's sure his wife can juggle the frying pan and take a fall out of an egg beater. We've had 18 cooks in 18 days, and every time a new face comes in the kitchen the dumb-waiter screams with fright."

"You can see where they've worn a new trail through the grass on the retreat to the depot."

"It's an awful thing, Bunch! My palate is weak from sampling different styles of mashed potatoes."

"We had one last week who answered roll call when you yelled Phyllis."

"Isn't that a peach of a dandle for a kitchen queen with a map like Manchuria on a dark night?"

"She came to us well recommended, by herself, and said she knew how to cook backwards."

"We believed her after the first meal, because that's how she cooked it."

"Phyllis was a very inventive girl. She could cook anything on earth or in the waters underneath the earth, and she proved it by trying to mix tenpenny nails with the baked beans."

"When Phyllis found there was no shredded oats in the house for breakfast she changed the cover of the washub into sawdust and sprinkled it with the whisk broom, chopped fine."

"Uncle Peter asked Phyllis if she could cook some Hungarian goulash, and Phyllis screamed, 'No; my parents have been Swedes all their lives!' Then she ran him across the laws with the carving knife."

"My wife went in the kitchen to ask what was for dinner and Phyllis got back at her, 'I'm a woman, it is true, but I will show you that I can keep a secret!'"

"When the meal came on the table we were compelled to keep the secret with her."

"It looked like Irish stew, tasted like clam chowder and behaved like a bad boy."

"On the second day it suddenly occurred to Phyllis that she was working, so she handed in her resignation, handed Hank, the gardener, a jolt in his cafe department, handed out a lot of unnecessary talk, and left us flat."

"The only thing about the house that loved her was a pair of my wife's handsome side combs, and they went with her."

"The next rebate we had in the kitchen was a colored man named James Buchanan Pendergraft."

"James was all there is and carry four. He was one of the most careful cooks that ever made faces at the roast beef."

"The evening he arrived we intended to have shad roe for dinner, and James informed us that that was where he lived."

"Eight o'clock came and no dinner."



"Lizzie."

Half-past eight and no dinner. Then Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to convince him that we were human beings with appetites.

"She found Careful James counting the roe to see if the fish dealer had sent the right number."

"He was up to 2,196,493 and still had a half a pound to go."

"James left that night followed by shouts of approval from all present."

"I'm telling you all this Bunch, just to prove that fate is kind while it delays your wedding until some genius invents an automatic cook made of aluminum and electricity."

Bunch laughed and shook his head. "I've waited long enough," he said, "and I intend to marry Alice before November in spite of Mr. William Gray!"

"Wait, Bunch!" I yelled suddenly; "I've got an idea! It's a corker!"

"Your ideas usually are," Bunch came back at me.

"Drop the hammer and be good," I admonished. "This idea is a kick-apalas all right. Get a committee to induce Uncle William Gray to run against Uncle Peter for mayor!"

Bunch jumped to his feet. "Where does that help me?" he asked.

"Why, you can be Uncle William's campaign manager and make such a hit with him that at the finish he'll smother you and Alice in orange blossoms," I went on. "Take my tip, Bunch; it's the royal road to Clinch-town, and I'll help you on your way."

"You'll help me!" he repeated in astonishment; "against Uncle Peter?"

"Bunch!" I said, "Uncle Peter is a wise old gentleman, but he has no business sloshing around in the political puddle. If he wins this local election he'll get ambitious, and if he gets ambitious he'll go broke. Besides, he has ignored me completely in the whole matter. When the subject first came up I tried to cut in with some sound advice, but he went away out on the ice. He told Clara J. that he would conduct his own campaign because he knows he is a born diplomat. So the fence for mine. Now take my tip, Bunch; get a committee after Uncle William Gray."

"Perhaps he won't run," Bunch said.

"Won't run when he's told that his opponent is Uncle Peter Grant!" I shouted. "Why you know as well as I do that Uncle Peter is old Bill Gray's most cherished enemy. Both of them have spent the last ten years hiding up the road and hoping each other's hearse will come along so they can scare the horses!"

"I'm beginning to like the idea," Bunch answered. "And you'll help me, John?"

I threw a willing mitt at Bunch, but before he could reach for it Uncle Peter rushed breathlessly around the corner.

"John," he panted; "I've come to my senses in this matter. Young blood is best after all. I've just decided to make you my campaign manager, and you'll steer me on to victory."

"But, just a moment, Uncle Peter," I began, and he stopped me.

"No argument, John!" he shouted; "the honor of the family is at stake. I've just heard that old Bill Gray will accept the nomination to run on the opposition ticket and we must beat him! For the honor of the family, John!"

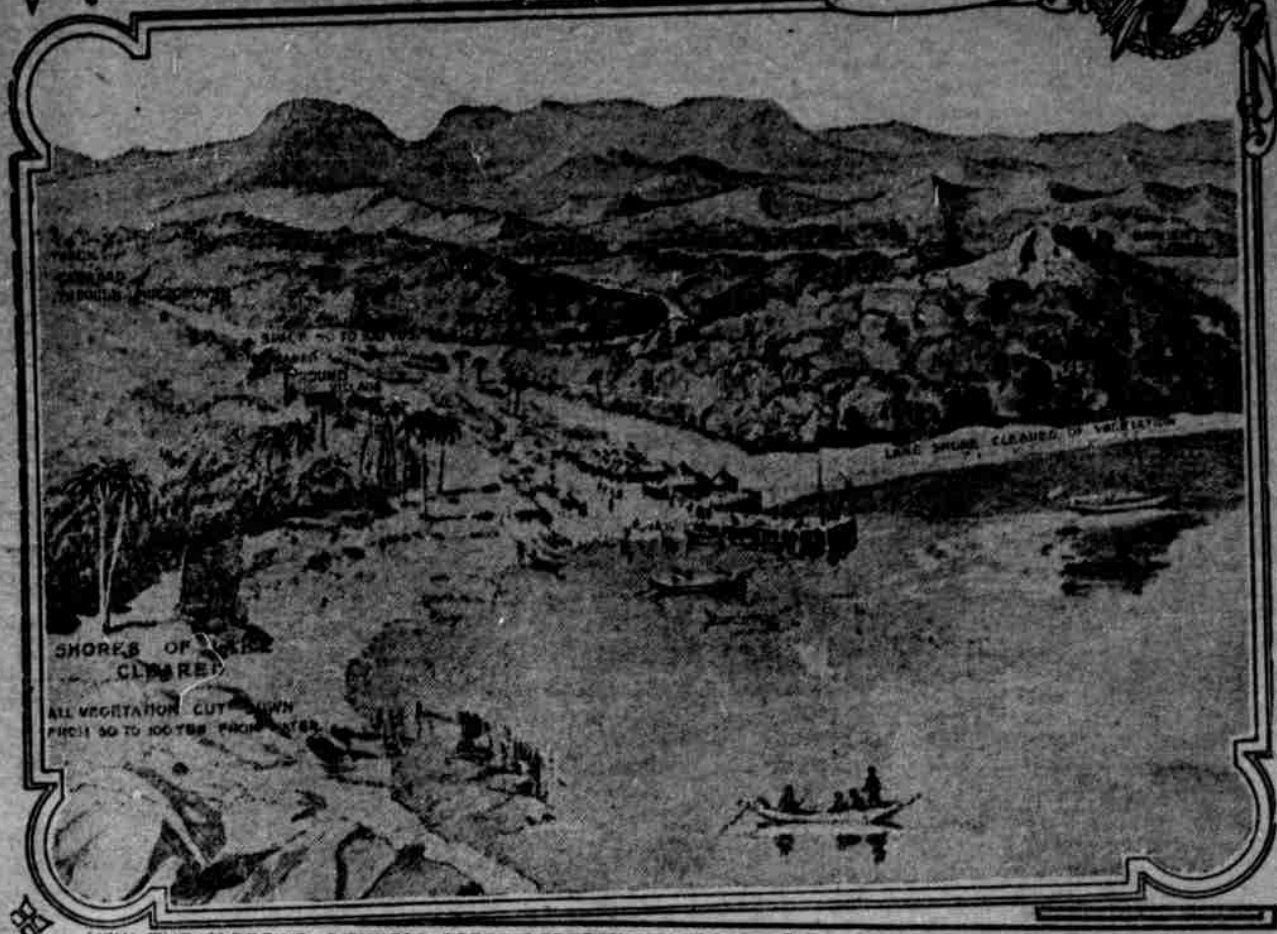
"I looked sheepishly at Bunch and Bunch looked at his hat."

"For the honor of the family," Uncle Peter repeated, "and confound old Bill Gray!"

"It's all off," I whispered to Bunch, as I took Uncle Peter's hand in mine. Bunch took to his heels.

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FIGHTING THE SLEEPING SICKNESS



HOW THE SLEEPING-SICKNESS AREAS ARE BEING CLEARED OF UNDERGROWTH

S EVEN years ago the important discovery was made that sleeping sickness was caused by an animal parasite, trypanosoma gambiense, which is transmitted by the bite of a variety of tsetse fly, glossina palpalis. The investigation which led to this discovery was the joint work of Castellani and Sir David Bruce and was undertaken on account of the terrible outbreak of this disease which had occurred in Uganda, particularly on the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza.

Indeed, the mortality was so great that it became imperative to undertake immediate action in order to prevent the natives from being completely wiped out. At Entebbe a laboratory was erected, and here extensive experiments were carried out which proved the guilt of the glossina palpalis up to the hilt.

The earlier work seemed to indicate that the fly merely acts as a direct transmitter of the parasite, which appeared to die out in the matter of a few days if the fly were not nourished with blood. In order to determine the exact extent of the fly distribution on the one hand and sleeping sickness on the other expeditions have been undertaken north, south, east and west, and after laborious work it would appear that the disease is much more extensive than was originally believed. The fly distribution is still greater, and roughly corresponds to equatorial Africa and extends to the tenth northern and southern parallels of latitude.

It must not, however, be imagined that the whole of this vast area is involved. On the contrary, most careful observations have revealed that the distribution of the glossina palpalis is local, its principal localization being close to water or water courses where the banks are covered with vegetation. It is rarely found more than 30 yards from such spots. The problem of preventing sleeping sickness thus appeared to be of relatively simple solution. There were two aspects to the case—first the infection of human beings by the fly, and, secondly, the infection of the fly from infected human beings.

It was considered, therefore, that the disease could be stayed if, first, the chances of exposure to the fly were diminished, and, secondly, if the fly were prevented from being infected by removing the sick from the fly area. An elaborate experiment of this kind was made on the northern shore of Lake Victoria. Along the whole lake shore, from Buddhu to the Ripon Falls, the natives were removed, the holdings were evacuated and burnt, and the banana plantations were allowed to go to waste. The willing cooperation of the chiefs in this tremendous task is a complete proof of the extraordinary hold the disease has got on the native population.

In the segregation camps to which the sick had been conveyed various remedies sent out from Europe were tried, but with little success. It is conceded on all hands that the patient with definite evidence of sleeping sickness upon him is doomed. The clearing of the lake shore was made on the basis of the view that the tsetse fly does not remain infective for a long period, and it was hoped that when the infective period was over the shores of the lake could again be populated. Recent advances have shown, however, that this hope is not to be realized, and that, indeed, the prophylaxis of sleeping sickness is a much more complicated task than was originally supposed.

On the extension of sleeping sickness into German East Africa a commission of experts, headed by Robert Koch, went out and studied the disease on the spot. Towards the end of 1908 Kleine made the important discovery that after a latent interval a tsetse fly which had sucked the blood of an infected man could remain infective for a very prolonged period. In its body the trypanosomes develop in great numbers, apparently as the result of sexual congress which in-

creases the prolongation of the infective period almost indefinitely. To what extent this period of infectivity occurs in flies which have sucked blood is not yet known.

It is also suggested that in addition to man the trypanosoma may pass its existence in the bodies of other vertebrates such as the crocodile according to Koch, and various wild herbivorous animals according to others. In the last year or two the very important doubt has also been raised as to whether glossina palpalis is the exclusive carrier of the human trypanosomes. Thus cases of sleeping sickness have occurred in the valley of the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi in northeastern Rhodesia. Up to the present glossina palpalis has not been found there, the main tsetse being G. morsitans and G. fuscus, which hitherto have been exculpated as carriers of trypanosoma gambiense. A new expedition is proceeding to northeast Rhodesia to investigate the subject and the whole question of possible spread of sleeping sickness in consequence of the construction of the Rhodesia-Katanga junction railway from the Broken Hill mine in northern Rhodesia to the Congo State frontier and beyond.

Down to 1902 all kinds of theories were rife as to the nature of sleeping sickness, but since this year we have witnessed the results of the combination of scientific and epidemiological observations. The cause of the disease is known—its method of propagation in part at any rate. The preventive plans hitherto undertaken are in the right direction even if not so complete as was supposed. The geographical distribution of tsetse flies and sleeping sickness is being rapidly determined. What still wants solution are the studies on the more detailed life histories of the flies and the trypanosomes and synthetic remedies for the cure of the unfortunate victims of the disease.

These studies are not merely of scientific or humane interest but of vast commercial importance in connection with the development of equatorial Africa.

leaved many minds of an inborn or heedlessly cultivated hatred and fear of her. Before that time there had been a praiseworthy effort to make school histories less bitterly partisan than they had been. This movement has made great headway since the war with Spain. Definite attempts to increase the good feeling not only between the peoples of the two countries have met with decided encouragement.

It therefore seems entirely appropriate that the one hundredth anniversary of the conclusion of the treaty of Ghent should be celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. Steps toward

and attracts prosperity and brings success to the candidates of the district at the literary examinations for the civil service. The barbarians have not, like us, proved these facts by the experience of thousands of years. They contain the white tiger, and they are unaware that the dragon causes floods and thunder and earthquakes and typhoons."

The position of women was equally alarming: "The devils of the ocean have overturned all the rules of rank and respect. I had heard that their women were more honored than their men; but I should never have thought that this aberration was so general and so profound. Thus, on a narrow pavement the man always gives way to the inferior creature. A husband allows his wife to walk side by side

with him and nobody laughs. He may even carry parcels for her without being mocked at. And that is not all. Men wait at table until the women are seated, and then sit beside them and show them all sorts of attentions. I have even seen a man serve his wife at meals before his own father!

Striking Home.

"What do you suppose those three women over in that corner are talking about?" asked the curious guest.

"I don't know," replied the other. "I know it isn't my wife, because she's here tonight."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the curious guest. "I'd better go over there and interrupt 'em. My wife was invited and couldn't come."

Plan to Celebrate Anniversary of Treaty

On December 24, 1814, the treaty of Ghent was concluded and the war of 1812 brought to an end. That struggle had been a praiseworthy effort to make the water and humiliate on the land. The battle of New Orleans was fought after peace had been made. Since that time the United States and England have lived in a peace that has been proved substantial by several incidents, notably the Wilkes affair, which, were the nations not genuinely desirous of maintaining pacific relations, might easily have brought on armed encounters.

Unquestionably the attitude of Great Britain in 1898 caused a revulsion of popular feeling in this country and re-

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Fears Neither Dragons or Devils

Mandarin Ho Kuei Fang of China was sent to Europe by his government and on his return he wrote a book in which he said regarding the tall houses: "They are so high that a man could end his life by throwing himself from the top. These lofty edifices are destructive of the beneficent spirits of the wind and the water. The devils of the ocean (Europeans) pay no attention to the influences of the earth and the gent of the air, though our most illustrious literati and sages acknowledge the existence of these influences. The result is that instead of erecting a pagoda to protect themselves from plagues and floods the barbarians squander their money on drains and dikes. Their ignorance is their only excuse. They do not know that a pagoda keeps away pestilence

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